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# HEALTH AND STRENGTH FOR GIRLS

BY  
MARY J. SAFFORD, M. D.

*Prof. Boston University*

AND

MARY E. ALLEN

*Supt. Boston Ladies and Children's Gymnasium*

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## HEALTH AND STRENGTH PAPERS.

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### I.—THE YOUNG SCHOOL-GIRL.

LAST summer, down in Maine, several school-girls were among the "summer boarders" at the farmhouse where I was staying. Among them were two young daughters of a gentleman well known for his leadership in out-of-doors sports and pleasures. These two pale, languid girls set me to think about our young school-girls, and to feel what a pity it is that the growing taste for the brown and the rosy tints in complexion, for roundness and suppleness of figure, and for the strength to do what one chooses and so have "a good time," should not yet have reached school-girl circles.]

At present, the fashionable impulse is toward outdoor life ; but the average school-girl of fourteen is,



it seems, out of its circuit. Her younger sister romps, and is doing well—for the present. Her elder sister, too, who is in society, is doing well: takes a three-mile walk with gay friends to a sunrise breakfast; rides horseback across country of a forenoon; she drives, she rows and she shoots; and next season perhaps she will join the Appalachian Club and add climbing to her pleasures.

But our school-girl is largely occupied with becoming "a young lady." She may lose sight of her intention by and by, when she enters Lasell, or Wellesley, or Vassar; but at present, especially if she be a village girl, she does not know even the joyous restful weariness of a long vigorous walk, much less would she *run*. An academy girl run! She does not dream of the origin of the stately name of her select school—that Academos, a wise Greek, bequeathed a great tract of land to the city of Athens on condition that a public gymnasium should be erected on it, and that the gymnasium was called Academia, or the academy, in his honor. Very likely, treasures of flowers, rare plants, minerals, birds, and beautiful landscape views, illustrating the sciences and litera-

ture she is industriously studying in-doors, lie all about her, among the hills and woods, within walking distance. But she is none the richer. She and a friend, arm in arm, frequently "promenade;" she stands about in groups, she returns calls, she goes shopping, she wears high French heels, and wears them, too, as nearly as may be, under her insteps. She has been known to visit the chiropodist.

My two representative school-girls arrived at the farm-house with bad headaches, and were not visible until the next morning. Three babies who came by the same train reached us in much better trim. When we did see them, loosely plaited flannel gowns and broad hats bespoke rambles and open-air modes of daily life—in keeping with the athletic father's fame. Fernywoods, lofty points of view, silver lakes with boats tossing at their moorings, water-lily ponds and berry thickets, lay about us, east, west, north and south. Two months of picturesque Maine would balance the account with long recitations and the deathly folly of study-hours after school.

But my pale young ladies, in common with most of the red-cheeked boarders, rose late. After breakfast,



they retired to the sofas, or their hammocks, to read a novel; often they went at once to their rooms and threw themselves on the bed. They slept after dinner, and sat up late at night for in-door, lamp-lit fun. They neither rowed nor fished. [The light spruce oars stored in the barn, not at all too heavy for a girl's slender shoulders,] invited them in vain. Nor did they ramble or go berrying. They sauntered and lounged all summer.

I venture to say that they had heard from parents or teachers not one word of what they ought to get from two months' stay in country air and freedom.

The school-girls are back now in the September schools, and no doubt they often dream over their books of the time when they shall be fine ladies and "in society." But, my dears, the fine women of society ten years hence will be, probably, somewhat different from the ladies of your imagination. I doubt, at least, whether so many of them come from district schools and village academies as came twenty years ago. I will tell you, presently, of a village school which sent out some strong, fine women; but just now, without even stopping to say in detail

why you need it, I prefer earnestly to ask all my young schoolgirl readers to adopt [a certain exercise at recess,] instead of strolling idly about and chatting. A noble woman, who has employed it in restoring health to invalid girls, assures me it also ought to be used to preserve health. Its intention for you is to rest you from sitting at your desks, to restore the circulation of the blood, and to render supple the whole body.

The movements which affect the joints are graceful. Perhaps your teacher will come out and "count" for you, perhaps she will play tunes for you; but you may enjoy it just as well should you choose the most determined girl of you all to "call off" for the row of you, and bind her never to "let you off" from going through the exercise once a day at least. It is [a pretty sight when a dozen girls in a line go through these ten movements, each moving in perfect time. A handsome wand in your leader's hand, used as musical conductors use their *bâtons*, with which to harmonize and beat time for your movements, will add much to the beautiful effect of the spectacle.]





[The following *ten movements to promote general suppleness* are furnished by Miss Mary E. Allen, of the "Boston Gymnasium for Ladies and Children."]

**POSITION:** Heels together (as near as the configuration of leg will permit); hips thrown back; chest forward; head erect, with eyes to front; arms falling easy, with back of hand turned slightly to the front.

**EXERCISE:** From this position bring hands to hips; thumbs back.

**Head:** Turn twice to right—twice to left—once to right—twice to left—once to right—back to front; drop hands to side and close to a fist.

**Shoulder:** Raise right shoulder as high as possible four times—raise left four times—raise right and left alternately four times (left going up as right comes down)—raise both together four times; drop hands to side.

**Arm:** Throw right arm to horizontal at side (hand closed tight) four times—throw left four times—throw right and left alternately four times—throw both together four times, and bring fingers to tip of shoulders, upper arm horizontal, elbow pointing to front.

**Forearm:** Throw right forearm to front on the elbow as a pivot, until the whole arm is horizontal (closing the hand at the throw), four times—throw left four times—throw right and left alternately four times—throw both together four times; and carry arms to side, horizontally stretched out, with palms up, and fingers closed into a fist.

**Wrist:** Turn right fist *up* as far as possible four times (elbow stiff)—turn left up four times—turn right and left up alternately four times—turn up together four times; and bring arms to horizontal stretch, front, palms down, fingers together and closed.

**Hand:** Open right hand and stretch every finger four times—open left hand four times—open right and left alternately four times—open together four times; and bring hands to hips.

**Trunk:** Turn as far as possible to right (holding trunk firm, turning face at same time, heels firmly planted), two times—turn to left two times—turn to right once—turn to left two times—turn to right once; and back to position.

**Thigh:** Carry right leg across left (crossing left thigh as far up and as close as possible, knees stiff)



four times — carry left leg across right four times — carry right and left across each other alternately eight times.

*Leg:* Raise right leg as high as possible behind, (on the knee as a pivot) four times (thigh remaining vertical and firm) — raise left leg four times — raise right and left alternately eight times.

*Foot:* Raise right foot on heel as high as possible four times — raise left four times — raise right and left alternately eight times.

The *position* is very important, and the leader should insist upon it before the exercise begins. The body should *hold* the original position — with such changes as are indicated — firmly, so that only certain muscles are in use at once; thus, when the arm is used, the body should be stiff and firm.

*Head* movements should always be slow, but firm, never with sudden force. Hence they are taken on the first beat of a measure only, or on 1 when counting 1, 2, 3, 4. All other movements are done with a spasmodic action, faster, using every other beat of 2-4 or 4-4 time, or on 1 and 3, in counting 4. That is, the movement is made on 1 and the return

to position on 3. This exercise can be taken to any even 2-4 or 4-4 time — a pot-pourri of popular airs being pleasing, or any polka or quickstep.

These movements aid in bringing the muscles under the control of the will, and promote ease and grace of movement; also, as they force the mind and muscles to work together, they are a very valuable stimulus to the mental faculties; and, if enthusiastically and earnestly carried out, their influence will be felt in all mental work.



## II.—THE OLD CHURCH GREEN.

IN these days of much anxiety regarding the physical well-being of ourselves, I often revert to the Arcadian simplicity of life in a certain village, far, far inland, some twenty or more years ago—a little white, orchardy village it was—where everybody was well and stayed well for long periods of time, although not one of the inhabitants, so far as I know, held any theory concerning diet, and gymnasiums had not then been heard of there.]

I have well in view now a group of school-girls belonging to that village, a group of a dozen. The gray stone school-house stood at one end of the meeting-house green. The village was too small for conventional observances. Even the grandest family kept no servants. There was little disposition, then, to criticize if the elder daughters of twelve and four-

teen had so little time after washing up the breakfast dishes for getting to school that they ran like a pair of young Atalantas along the village streets to escape tardy-marks. Not one of the dozen *walked* to school twice a week.

They ran again at recess—the long delightful recess of a country school. Ran—indeed they ran, for the one who reached the meeting-house steps last was, by unwritten but immemorial law, “the catcher,” “the blackman.” Then what races around the old white church! what hidings, what dartings forth, what steady speed, what shouts and laughter, and what handsome, shapely limbs, round ankles, full calves, strong muscles! But this was in the days of heelless shoes. [The blood was well drawn down from the wearied brain before the old-fashioned “ruler” sounded on the window-sash.]

Not a girl of these swift runners but could scale and leap the high rail-fence to be first at the bitter walnut-tree in the season of this delectable dainty, each there sooner than her mates. Then, too, there was the quiet old mill-pond with its long, deep, still dike hidden in the lush grasses of the meadow-lands.



What perils of upset and ducking were braved there as, in stately procession, each girl standing on her raft of a solitary plank and poling herself dextrously along, the gay flotilla made the distance from the school-house to the flume! Too much vim in a thrust of the pole, and the board departed sideways from under your feet and you reeled off into the water; or your plank veered resolutely in-shore, stopping the boat-women behind, in spite of your best poling; but, ah, what balance of poise you gained, what action of the holding-on muscles in the soles of your feet, what control of yourself in exigencies! And after that remained the feat of walking the flume, leaping, sure-footed, from beam to beam over the whole long, green, slippery length down to the noisy mill-wheels themselves!

As I said, gymnasiums, with their array of poles and bars, were not even so much as talked of in this green, peaceful, bowery village; but just as surely one existed there—a matter of instinct and necessity with the splendid young romps of that school, where [even the little girls of Kindergarten size every day swung boldly out into air from the great

lightning-rod of the church.] Behind the church, whose broad platform was a delightful *plaza* for endless hippity-hop, was the long row of church sheds with their regularly recurring tiers of lower and upper beams. Across the upper beams—a dizzy height to the small children—rested some long ladders, spanning eighteen or twenty feet of space.

Up, in the long noonings, up, from sill to lower beam, from lower beams up the braces to the higher beams, like squirrels went the climbing dozen. What steady heads, to be sure, what equipoise of the whole frame, what command of muscle, as one after another paced, or shoved, or crept along out upon the beam to perch there in a chattering row until school called! But the ladders were best of all. A dextrous leap up from the lower beam, and a rung was caught in the firm brown hand, and off went the leader walking through space, grasping one rung after another until the opposite beam was reached, behind her a long line of followers, whence she passed on to the next ladder—well, it was great fun; and the deep, full, round chests, the harmonious development of muscle, the complete circulation of blood, the fear-





lessness of action gained there on the old meeting-house green, have stood those young romps in good stead. [To-day they all are living—strong, handsome, wholesome, healthy, sunny women, each in a position of influence, and each none the less refined for those gymnastic feats on the old church play-ground.]

I cannot take the school-girls to whom I am talking to that secluded village green, but I do tell them that [within their own will lie the means of saving, if not re-creating, health and beauty. Look up the romping games of old times. Ask your country aunts and grandmothers to describe them to you. There is no good reason why in our beautiful forest-circled villages, with their near coverts and dells and dales, that the inspiriting sport of "hare and bounds" should belong exclusively to the boys. This game is better worth your while, both as sport and exercise, than croquet, lawn tennis or archery. Ask your brothers to explain to you its simple requirements, and appoint your "meets" for Saturday afternoons next season; and I am sure you will outdo the base-ball clubs in enthusiasm and fun. You cannot fail of good times, *if you dress properly for the sport.*

### III.—MY LITTLE PATIENT.

I AM going to tell the young school-girls who read this about the little patient who came to me yesterday. What a wretched little huddle she looked as I came down to her! She is only thirteen, but the tired-out-ness of forty-five was on her pale face. Her lungs were lost—folded up somewhere between her rounded, bowed shoulders, as she drooped in her chair.

"Sit up! sit up—up—up!" I said, my own lungs aching sympathetically at sight of her.

"I—can't!" she answered me, and with such a hopeless respiration.

I doubt if she will, or can yet, of her own accord. I drew her shoulders back, but they fell forward again, in a moment, as I took my seat.

My pale patient goes to school from nine A. M. to two P. M.

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The school is about four blocks from her house. I learned from her that she almost always rides to school on the horse cars that pass by her door.

[This pale girl is very ambitious to rank high in her studies.] Very often when the half-hour recess is given she is seen crouched in a remote corner puzzling over some unconquered problem, so that she does not even get a change of position nor a breath of fresh air. Sometimes she is too hurried and anxious to eat her lunch. Since my talk with her teacher, however, I do not regard this as a serious loss.

When my pale young friend gets home from school, does she do as does her brother two years her senior? He takes bat and ball, and makes a bee-line for the nearest play-ground; and there, with a rollicking set of playmates, throws his whole soul and body into fun-making for two or more hours.

No, she doesn't do that. A piano lesson is to be practised, or there is a fascinating piece of Kensington stitch to be finished in time for a present for some festal occasion. She gets no change of position; her head still droops, her shoulders still bow forward, her spine still curves.

And thus the twelve hours of precious sunshine have faded into evening, and the pale girl has had it all under glass. Now night closes in upon her, the lamp is lighted, and the brother and sister draw about it and begin the task of study for the coming day.

His mind is fresh. His body tingles with ruddy health from head to foot. An hour of good study suffices for him. He is ready for bed. Probably "study hours out of school" will work him no serious harm.

But his pale sister! She was so weary and nervous when she began to study, that nothing seems clear to her; and after spending two hours, bowed over her books in an endeavor to commit her lessons to memory, discouraged, and it may be tearful, she is persuaded to go to bed. But it is not to sleep a quiet, restful sleep. Her lessons haunt her dreams, she awakens in the morning, unrefreshed, to begin the routine of another high-pressure day.

What did I do for her?

[I did not put up any medicines for her to carry home.] I showed her how to sit correctly and health-



fully, how to stand healthfully, and how to walk healthfully. But before the lesson was over, I saw that I must send for the mother and instruct *her*. Upon *her* must fall, for a while, the responsibility of insisting that her neglected child sits, stands and walks healthfully. She should have begun this supervision long ago when her daughter was but ten years old.

#### IV. — WHAT I SAID TO HER MOTHER.

**M**Y little patient came back with her mother that same afternoon. She spoke very pleasantly to me: "I understand my little girl to say that she needs no medicine, but that instead you wish to lecture her mother."

Yes, that was just what I wished. I proceeded to do it, first standing the poor girl up before us.

[ "Your daughter," said I, "is not diseased. She is simply suffering from bad habits, and needs her mother's immediate and patient supervision. Look at her poor little figure! She was not born so. You have allowed her to become this. Her spine was straight and erect. Now it curves from the neck to below the shoulders. Her head and shoulders have been thrown forward, because she has sat in a wrong way. How could you let your child grow into such a shape! ]



"Now look at her chest. It is correspondingly concave. The space occupied by the lungs is proportionally lessened. Because the lungs are so delicate in structure, and yet so vital in their importance, they have been most carefully placed and guarded against pressure. The ribs protect them on either side, the breast-bone in front, the spine and the broad shoulder-blades on the back. Now, keep these bones in just the right position, muscles and ligaments are so arranged as to hold them in place. If one of these muscles or cords gets shortened, lengthened, or weakened, we very soon have distortion where there should be symmetry.

"The muscles that should help to hold your daughter erect are lengthened, relaxed and weak; in consequence her shoulders stoop. At present she cannot hold them up. The muscles of the chest are contracted — in her case they have become rigid. Let us see her try to take a full deep breath."

The girl did her best. She was as interested as her mother. The idea that she was *deformed* had taken hold of her.

"You see how she gasps, and how the shoulders are drawn up. It is actually impossible for her to fully inflate her lungs and expand her chest. You must at once begin to bear in mind that if every individual cell in the lungs is not filled with air, *that cell becomes a dead cell*, and may be the beginning of disease. If any of your daughter's school-friends stoop as she does, I hope you will tell their mothers what I say. — Now you may sit down, my dear."

The girl sat down in the way that had become natural to her. She slid down until she rested the weight of her body on the lower segments of the spine. I called her mother's attention to this. At first she could see nothing wrong in it. I explained to her how this position caused heat and pressure where the child spoke of having pain.

"*This lower part of the back was never intended to sit upon*," said I emphatically. "The spine was made to keep erect, sitting or standing. The large bones of the pelvis are arranged to support the body in sitting, and thick, fleshy muscles form cushions over them for our comfort. Your daughter cannot continue these habits in sitting without interfering with the right





position of the pelvic organs, and *that* will be the beginning of disease and suffering in *them* — perhaps at the same time that the dead cells are working mischief in her lungs."

The tears came into the mother's eyes. The little girl looked at her, then at me. But I went on, again placing her in front of us:

"Look at her once more as she stands. Not only do the shoulders stoop, but one shoulder is higher, as is one hip, than the other; and there is a slight lateral curvature of the spine."

Then I requested her to walk across the floor once or twice.

"Has she an elastic step?" I asked. "Does she walk as if there were joy in movement? The gladness of the lamb, the colt, the kitten, should still be in the movements of so young a creature. Her step is shambling—how much her shoes are responsible for it we will investigate later. You see there is no swing to the body, no suppleness, not even lightness. The arms are held rigid. She walks as if the act of walking were imposed upon her as a duty, as a necessary task."

"No wonder you sigh over the ill conditions your daughter presents. But with care and the vigorous and persevering exercise of common sense she may overcome her present troubles and bad tendencies. The first step to restore harmony and symmetry to the muscles is to take gymnastic exercises of the right kind. The sensible thing is that you yourself should accompany her to the gymnasium, and take at least one term of exercises with her, so that you may appreciate their value, and also the importance of certain movements above others to meet her especial needs. When you have thus learned how to guide and direct your daughter in gymnastic movements, you can arrange simple and inexpensive gymnastic machinery in your own home, so that these exercises may become to her a pleasurable daily habit."

"You will probably take her to Miss Allen. She will see that your daughter's first need is to learn how to breathe. She will prescribe a five minutes' 'breathing exercise,' night and morning. This exercise will put and keep her lungs in good working order, and gradually broaden her chest."

The "breathing exercise" and the other gymnastic



treatment which she planned for my little patient, you will find described by Miss Allen herself farther on.

"Having started right at the gymnasium," I went on, "you must insist upon walks, because open air and sunshine is as needful as exercise. You must interest her in walking by walking with her, and by creating pleasurable aims and interests to call her out of doors. There is flower-hunting after you have read aloud to each other interesting plant papers; and let her in her out-of-town excursions learn the native trees by their leaves and bark and form. Interest her in geology by calling her attention to the stones she may see everywhere.

"With all this, she must have sleep enough. 'Early to bed,' must be imperative; but if nature rebels against it, I should not enforce the rest of the old adage, 'early to rise.' Moreover, make time for her to take a nap during the day if she will."

As she arose to go, the mother looked down at her daughter with a sigh.

"I feel appalled at what you have set me to do," said she: "medicines would be so much easier."

"I don't feel so, mother," said the girl. She was really trying to stand erect, and there was a gleam of something hopeful in her eyes. I was interested as I saw this spark of energy.

"Come here again," said I, "to-morrow if you like, and I will say a few little things to you about your daughter's dress, and about her food."



## V.—HOW SHE WAS DRESSED.

IT was on one of the bleakest mornings in December that my little patient and her mother came to my office for a third consultation.

The little girl looked blue where there should have been a mantling red. They had been delayed by detaining street-cars, and, as the mother expressed it, they were pierced to the bone by the searching raw wind. Women nearly always make the unwise choice when it is a question of sitting ten minutes in a detained car or walking a half-mile. A man rarely sits and shivers thus. The consideration of warmth naturally came uppermost as I undressed my little patient to examine her clothing, as I had promised.

"I'm sure you will find her all right as regards dress," said her mother, confidently. "Still I thought I would come."

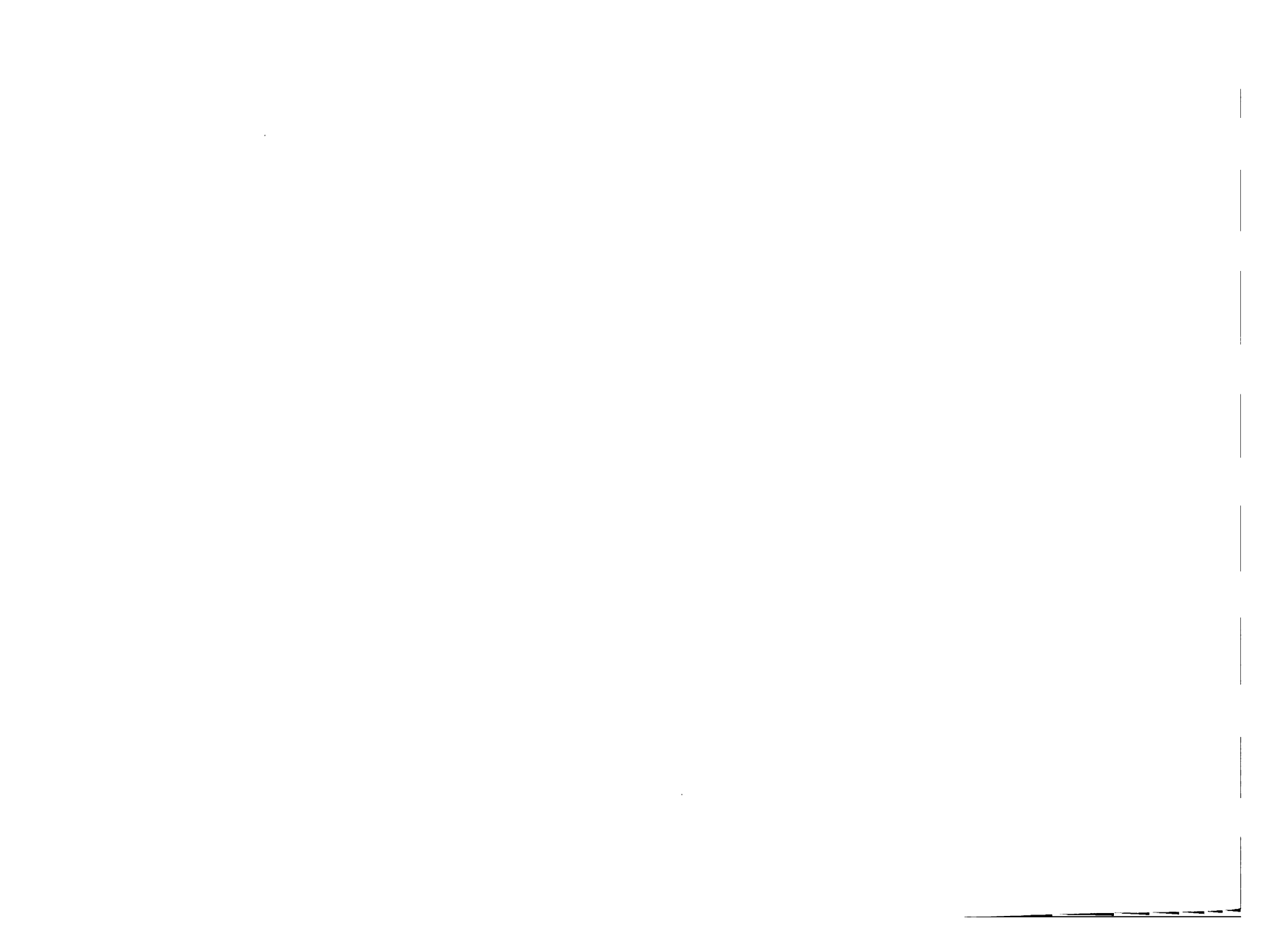
✓ [ But I frequently find a mother's idea of "all right" to be my idea of "all wrong."] ]

I looked at her shoes: They were made of kid. The soles were thin. Her brother shod thus would have felt as though he had gone into the street in his stocking-feet. There was sleet on the ground, but she wore no overshoes. The heels were an inch and a half high, pointed, sloping toward the middle of the foot, and they were worn off and rounded at the edges, and they must sometimes have "turned" under the poor little wearer unexpectedly.

"My heels do turn under me, mother," said the girl as I spoke of this.

The neatly fitting stockings were cotton, extending over the knees, where they were held in place by a broad "elastic." I drew one of them off. The poor little foot was as cold as ice, and nearly as colorless. The stocking was impressed upon the skin about the ankle from the pressure of the shoe. Above the knee the elastic had reddened the flesh and indented it in ridges.

I placed the cold foot on a piece of paper, and drew



an outline of it to show the mother the contrast in width to the sole of the shoe.

I bade her observe, too, how she must poise on the toes of the bare foot to bring its heel on a level with the heel of the booted foot.

"Can you wonder she does not take kindly to long walks?" I asked. "Walking or standing, she must balance herself on her toes and a peg under her heel. The body is thrown forward, out of balance, and all the muscles from the hips downward are put upon a strain—I assure you they often fairly quiver from fatigue. No wonder she is not a gentle, graceful walker, and that she never runs. She is obliged to hobble, my dear madam. And do you see these callouses, the beginnings of corns and bunions? Perhaps you think that the ankles are really supported by this tight leather that encases them up so high, but it is not so. The English Alpine mountain-climbers who endure best, wear a low shoe."

"Still I hope you won't prescribe for her those ugly 'Maccombers' that some of the New York women are wearing—such ugly shapes!" said the mother.

"They are proper boots to wear, nevertheless," I said; "and had you studied how most effectually to impede the circulation of the blood to her extremities, you could not have done it more successfully. Elastic bands are injurious, no matter where worn; but the worst place of all is just above the knee, where there are such prominent blood-vessels and nerves. And have you really considered these thin stockings?"

"She has always worn them," said the mother. "Of course I would not put them on her suddenly of a winter's day. But, as one may say, she is hardened to it."

"So are the Esquimaux and Laplanders hardened to cold—look at the stunted creatures! And look at this thin, cold little leg—it has no plump calf, no curves!"

The child, in whom there was probably a latent conception of beauty, looked hurt and tearful; but how could I spare her?

"Now try a full, deep breath! See, something prevents her. She breathes from the upper part of the chest. There is no distention at the waist, no movement at all of the abdominal muscles, as there





would be if the lungs filled to their natural capacity."

Investigation revealed a corset, and that brought forth the following dress history from mother and daughter:—

Up to eleven years of age my little patient had worn loose waists, her skirts buttoned upon them.

"And how could you," I interrupted, "have taken them off at that critical age, when her form was changing and rounding out, and needed room and freedom to do it in, and substitute a laced, boned and steeled jacket?"

The mother hesitated; but the little girl answered: "I had a weak stomach, and mother thought it would do me good to have the support of steels. She said I sat all over in a bunch; and besides I must have some shape given me, or else I would have a waist as big as a boy."

"Yes," said the mother, "and Mamie wanted corsets. Her school-mates were putting them on, and she did not want to be odd. So I bought her some. She did not wear them tight."

"Oh mother! they were tighter than you thought, because when I went to stay with Clara White one

night, she said I would look ever so much better if my waist was smaller, and so she laced me, and after that I wore my corsets so, so as to look as slight and pretty about the waist as I could. I used to be ever so glad when I got them off at night and could take a long breath. But if I didn't wear them, I had an all-gone feeling and couldn't hold myself up."

"Well," said I to the mother, "it is as I thought. The corsets, and the elastics, and the tight, narrow-soled, high-heeled boots are the causes of much of the mischief here.] The corsets alone prevent her breathing right; have brought the muscles of her waist into disuse; have interfered with the circulation of her blood by pressing upon the very fountain-head of circulation, the heart; have weakened her power of digestion by making it impossible for the stomach to dilate and contract with freedom; have undermined her nervous vitality by pressing upon her nerve-centres. You have, too, heated her about the waist unduly by the disproportionate number of thicknesses over that region compared with other parts of the body, parts that should have more instead of less heat, because of the greater distance from the centre



of circulation. Look! from the knees to the feet one thickness of thin cotton; the under-flannels extend only just below the knee. Now count the layers of cloth at the waist: undervest, chemise, corset of the cloth in double, corset cover, lined dress waist, to say nothing of various bands; and over all, drawing all into the smallest possible compass, is this broad, unyielding leather belt! How can flesh, blood, muscle, nerve and bone under this heat and pressure remain true to the functions assigned them?

"This heavy quilted skirt, too, that Fashion has again brought into wear, is specially objectionable, hanging, as it does, from her slender hips; and when wet around the bottom it is too thick to dry quickly, and damp ankles is the result of a walk on a wet morning."

"Nothing is right, it seems," said the mother, half-waxed. "And still, what am I to do? Her clothes are made for the winter. It is impossible that I should go to the expense of refitting her. Nor," added she, "shall I enjoy seeing her a dowdy."

"I see. But you can do much with needle, thread and buttons. Unite her undervest and drawers with

buttons and buttonholes. Take the steels and bones from the corset, and button or hook it. Add to it shoulder-straps, and also buttons to button on her skirts, and side elastics to hold her stockings up, taking care that this attachment is made back of the prominent hip bones. Set her boot-buttons forward until you can put your finger between boot and stocking. Replace the heels with broad ones only a half-inch high. She must wear overshoes with these boots, but when new ones are bought let them be heavy, to avoid overshoes. She also must wear leg-gings until you buy thick stockings.

"Meantime, I will give you the address of some hygienic outfitters in women's wear, so that you may acquaint yourself with healthfully cut garments before dressing her for the summer. You will be delighted to see how few pieces are needed, and that wearing them your daughter may still be elegantly dressed."

"I know one thing, mother," said the daughter, "I can't go to the gymnasium and then feel comfortable in these clothes next day. This morning I felt as if I'd outgrown every single thing I put on."



I felt, as she spoke thus, that, once set in the true ways, the child herself would right her wrongs. So, with a real interest in her, I asked them to come once more, and talk with me about what she ate.

#### VI.—WHAT SHE ATE.

WHEN they came the third time, I could see a hopeful change in my little patient. There was an eager sparkle in her eyes. She did not stand, or sit, or step, in the way she did at first. She was all interest, all alertness. And some of my prescriptions had been followed. She had new boots, and they were strong, wide-soled, with low heels. She wore leggings too; and instead of a poke bonnet, she had on a soft, snug cape-hood that covered her ears with its pretty rose-lined frills, and that would protect her neck from chills and draughts in the horse-cars.

The mother gave a half-vexed little laugh as she saw me looking the child over.

"Oh, I've bought new clothes entire," she said; "and I suppose after you've done with us to-day," she



added, "we shall hire a new cook, and change our grocer. But I really do believe the child's table habits are bad, and I am only too willing to be advised. She always was peculiar, and never ate anything as other children do—in fact she doesn't eat much of anything at any time, and when she does it is not at meal-time. At breakfast she is troubled with a bad taste in her mouth, and she says nothing relishes so early in the morning."

"And does she leave for school without eating?"

"Well—no, not quite. Usually I get her to take a cup of coffee, and sometimes she eats a doughnut or a cookie with it."

"You make the coffee fresh for her?"

"No—we keep it hot on the range."

"Overdone coffee is hurtful to the stomach," I said. "No one should touch it unless it is fresh-made. After two minutes' hard boiling it is mischievous. And so I am to understand that she often goes away to endure several hours of study upon the nutriment she gets from a cup of spoiled coffee and a doughnut? No wonder that she subsides into a corner of the sofa when she returns."

"I have often suggested that she should take a lunch, but she always has pickled limes or chocolate-drops with her, and she says that when there is a gnawing at her stomach that a bite of a lime or candy relieves her."

"And sometimes I carry fruit or sponge-cake," added the patient, evidently anxious that all should be told.

"But when she comes from school, I suppose there is a good substantial meal in waiting," I said.

"Well," replied the mother, "we have noon dinners, and of course she cannot be at home; but the cook always puts aside something choice."

"Meats and vegetables and puddings are not good when they have dried in the oven an hour, any more than coffee is," said the daughter decidedly; "and there are no good coals to broil a fresh steak, even if I cared for it; so cook makes me a cup of tea, and I have some bread and butter, or cookies, with it. Sometimes, if she is not too busy, she cooks me an egg."





"We always have the nicest and finest of white bread," said the mother. "So she doesn't really suffer, I guess. But I *don't* approve of the tea. I never have. I think it has a great deal to do with her nervousness. But her father laughs at me, and says that his grandmother drank strong tea three times a day, and lived to be ninety years old."

"And I *always* have had it," said the daughter.

"Yes," said the mother. "It is only natural children should want it, and should get a sip when every one is enjoying it at table."

"And what does she have at supper?" I asked.

"Well, her dinner having been so late, of course she doesn't care for much supper; so she has a cup of tea and a slice of cake and a saucer of fruit."

"And then comes study hour?" I asked.

"Yes," said the girl, "and *then* is the time I get hungry and eat something. I feel all gone, and still so very hungry."

"And you go into the pantry and help yourself?" I asked, laughing in spite of my responsibility.

"Yes, a wolf-meal," said she, laughing back.

"Of what? Last night, for instance?"

"I believe it was cold beans," she said.

"And on them?"

"Pepper-sauce and mustard," laughed her mother.

"And one day's like another, I suppose?" I said.

"Well, I don't know a worse record. I wonder, sometimes, that children do not actually die from nervous prostration, are not actually found in insane asylums! With such vitality, what do they not endure! What splendid creatures some of them would grow up, were they trained and cared for healthfully! Do you like milk?"

"Ye-es, I guess so," said the girl.

"Why not drink that instead of coffee and tea?"

The mother paused.

"I don't know—we buy our milk—one would have to take such a quantity were it used on the table as a beverage. Still, of course, she could have it if you think best. Doesn't it make people bilious?"

"That is often said without signifying much. Milk has several food-giving qualities; of itself it makes a good meal, and when drank in connection with eating heartily of other things, it often gives a sense of fulness and satiety that would not be expe-



rienced if eaten with one of the grains, or if drank when the meal was a light one."

Then I suggested oatmeal. But here the daughter herself shook her head decidedly. "Sticky stuff," she said. "And warmed over at that!"

"My dear, you are worth an experiment," I answered. "I will send you a breakfast to-morrow." (I sent her a dish of perfectly steamed oatmeal, smothered in cream. She came in at night to tell me she ate it, every grain.

"It *was* grains," she said knowingly. "It wasn't paste! And mother wants to know how you cook it, and she is going to buy cream."

So I showed her my pet steamers, and told her time and quantity; and I showed her barley, and rye, and gluten, and cracked wheat, and told her that as they were the foods for bone and muscle building, the young and growing should eat fully and daily of them. "You would have had very different teeth, my child," I said, "had you eaten of these instead of white bread."

"And do you not care for meats at all?" I went on.

"I don't seem to."

"You *ought* to like a sirloin steak, a tender chop, or a slice of rib roast."

"I like fowl very well," she said.

"And fish?"

She shook her head. "I don't seem to."

"She really doesn't," said the mother.

"Well, with exercise, and abstinence from tea and coffee and cake, she will. Meantime you might make good soups and broths."

"Oh, I *should* like soups, mother," said the child, and so thirstily that it arrested my attention, and I tried to show her mother how burned and heated the stomach had become from indulgence in "mustard and pepper-sauce," tea and coffee; and I also described several soups.

"We seldom have soups," said the mother, "but we *can*, I suppose, though I shall have to make them myself. A cook's idea of a soup is so much water, so much grease, and so much pepper."

"You will see a great difference, I said, "when your daughter is nourished instead of stimulated for her day's brain-work. The tea, coffee and condiments act upon her as the whip on a tired horse—it



makes him trot when he naturally would stop for rest."

"Must she have *no* sweets?"

"Please don't suppose that I *can't* give up my *candy*!" said our little patient scornfully.

"I do not object to plain, pure sugar candies, if eaten as a dessert now and then," said I, much to their surprise. "The flavoring and coloring are often mischievous. Keep that in mind. Still I rather you would give candies the go-by along with the peppers and limes, and get your positive sweets and sours from fruits. Let an orange before breakfast be your only between-meal indulgence. When once you have gained an appetite for healthy foods, the idea of food between meals will be actually repugnant to you. And don't you know that your stomach is bound to take hold of food and try to digest it just as soon and just as often as any is offered it? You will feel very different then from head to foot when your stomach is allowed its rightful and regular rests. This precaution alone will help you to a good appetite in time."

Then I turned to the mother:

"A mother," I said, "needs to be a chemist and

microscopist to know how to prepare food so that it shall be the most palatable and nourishing. With an understanding of the microscope and of chemistry, she could often detect impurities in the food she buys, even. A large majority of the foods prepared for babies is not what it purports to be."

"Don't! don't!" cried the mother rising. "Don't dig down to the roots! Don't propose thoroughness! I've no time! It's too late! I never had such a sense of responsibility before, and I can't think of going deeper than you have already proposed."

"But I—mother! I can learn! I'm just in the learning-time!" said her daughter. What *is* it, doctor? Tell *me*! Are there schools to teach these things? Mother can't go, but I can. Then when I grow up I shall *know*. And I'll have my home right, and have my girls eat and sleep and walk and dress and study right, and *that* way the world could all be made new again!"

The girl was in great, deep earnest. Her eyes burned star-bright, her cheeks burned rose-red.

How could I help spending another hour with her, trusting to her enthusiasm to waken other girls! How



could I help telling her of the cooking schools, and of the Women's Laboratory where domestic chemistry is taught—what the things we eat are made of, what are put into them to cheapen and render them unfit; and of the Women's Physiological Society, and that there are opportunities for women to learn about the best methods of heating and ventilating houses, even how the sewerage pipes should be arranged to keep our dwellings free from hurtful gases, and what materials every housekeeper should keep and use to avoid bad odors in the house. I told her, too, of art-rooms and art-lectures where the principles and illustrations bore straight upon making home beautiful.

"O mother!" cried she, all in a glow, "such going to school as *that* would amount to something!"

Her mother put her arm about her to quiet the nervous girl; and I said gently, "Get strong, my dear, and all these things are possible to you."

"Oh, I will," she said. "I have begun. You just ask Miss Allen what she is doing with me!"

## VII.—AT THE GYMNASIUM.

I WILL tell you something that Dr. Safford omitted in her papers—that she was so interested in her little patient she came down to the gymnasium and talked with me about her, urging me to take special pains with her as a representative of the great middle class, who are so little interested in physical culture. And it is true that a dozen fashionable young beauties consult me where one comes who needs strength to "work for a living"—probably not for health's sake, or for strength's sake, but for the sake of beauty and grace.

Therefore when a pale, quiet girl came into my office one day, accompanied by her mother, I intuitively said to myself, "Ah, there she is!" Naturally, I now have a practised eye; I can "diagnose" my pupils with tolerable correctness. I at once felt





a sympathetic constriction of my lungs. I longed to help her breathe. I asked her to stand up and try a full breath. There was no flexibility of the breathing muscles. I asked her to look at herself in the glass, repeating the breaths. "See," I said to her mother, "how those shoulders rise, and down at the waist, where she should grow very large, she grows smaller."

So many girls who come to me breathe up, and not downwards at all. Yes, Dr. Safford was right: she needed "breathing exercises" at once.

Her mother said she had resolved to let her try gymnasium work; and so, asking them to step into the hall and inspect the apparatus, I made out the card on the opposite page for the girl to work by, and as it was a great mystery to the young recipient, I will explain it to you all in my next chapter, as I explained it to her:

As I rejoined them, I observed a doubtful expression on the mother's face. One of my Beacon street pupils was then practising for the pure joy of it with the flying rings; and a young lady was at work with the vaulting bars. The pallid, cold, little new

pupil was looking on with both wonder and delight, but the mother shook her head. "Dangerous!" she said. "Too violent by far."

## MISS KITTIE —

November 20, 1882.

MACHINE.	EXERCISE.	TIMES.
Running-track	Run slowly around	5
" "	Walk rapidly around 3lbs 6oz	4
P. W.	Series B 1-4 2lbs	200
Shoulder-bar	Nos. 1 & 2	160
Mattress	Breathing movement on back	
Rowing	Open knee	25
	Rest 5 min. on back	
P. W.	Series D 1-5 2lbs	100
Rowing Weights	Nos. 1-4 2 1-2lbs	60
Wrist-bar	Nos. 1-4	
Spring-stand	Jump	
Suspended rings	Hang and swing	
Mattress	Breathing movement on back	
	Rest 5 min. on back	
Running-track	Repeat 1st movement	5
" "	Repeat 2d movement	4
P. W.	Series A 1-6 3lbs	100
" "	Series B 5-7 2lbs	100
L. P. W.	Nos. 3-6 2 1-2lbs	60
H. P. W.	Nos. 1-4 2 1-2lbs	60
	Rest	
	Time per week — 1 hour daily	

Return to me December 20

I told her that we observed the law of progression, and the flying rings were forbidden until the gymnast had developed strength to hold her weight by one hand.



The mother still looked askance at the bars, and rings, and weights, and pulleys and rowing machines. "It seems to me," she said at last, "that I would rather wait and send her into the country to her grandfather's farm, and let her get exercise in the natural way with out-of-door sports."

I inquired as to the sports.

"Why, rowing and lawn tennis, croquet, and climbing trees, and romping in the barn."

"Have you tried this with her?"

"Yes."

"And she comes home in better condition?"

"Well, *no*," said the mother, turning to me frankly.

"And that is what I do not understand. She generally comes back to town with indigestion—her stomach really seems to trouble her more in the country than at home."

"Did you ever attribute this to the exercise she took in the country?"

"No, that would be absurd, of course. But still, it is as I tell you."

"Well," said I, "your daughter is not the only one that suffers more after a summer in the country."

Let us look at these sports you consider so beneficial. Rowing—glorious exercise, and producing good results if done properly. Your daughter has rowed?"

"Much."

"What was the weight of her boat?"

She opened her eyes: "I do not know."

"Did you ever try it yourself?"

"Never. I do not know how to row."

"Has your daughter ever had instruction?"

"No particular instruction. She is quick, and has caught the motion from her companions."

"How about the oars?"

She was equally ignorant, but the daughter interposed: "Always awfully heavy."

"I never yet have found boats, either at the sea-shore or on inland ponds, that were sufficiently light for, or had oars proportioned to the strength of nine-tenths of the girls who attempt to row them. They manage very well, excitement and emulation lending them strength, and in many cases escape permanent injury; but it is really reckless. This I have found true in my own experience and by observation, that if the proper muscles for rowing a boat, or for doing any



other violent exercise, are not well developed, the strain of the action will be felt in some weak point; and this, with most of our girls, is the stomach and bowels. You see yourself that your daughter is perfectly soft all about the arm and upper back, where an oarsman is always hard. She probably has done her rowing with her stomach muscles, instead of with her arms and back. You may smile incredulously, but I have been weak in that region myself, and undeveloped in the arms, and have felt the strain just there." Turning to the daughter, "Have you ever felt your rowing here?" touching her stomach.

"Yes, very often; but I supposed it was all right."

"A very good proof that her boat has injured rather than helped her. The muscles of the stomach became weakened and strained, and indigestion has inevitably followed. Had her boat and oars been proportioned to her development, good results would have followed; and the only way we can account for so many escaping who do the same reckless thing is that the exhilaration of the fresh air, the purifying of so much blood, helps one to throw off the strain."

"This is a new idea to me, but it seems sensible."

"Now look at your inconsistency. You will let her row a boat which perhaps you have never seen, of the weight of which and of the oars you have no conception, because custom says 'rowing is the thing' — 'tis the fashion, everybody does it — and yet are afraid to have her pull these weights which are graduated from one pound up, and with me standing right by to watch her face, and decide how much she can safely bear. But now I will give her a breathing exercise to practise at home, and when you come again I will talk with you more about country sports."

I placed the girl flat on her back on a mattress, with a very low, hard pillow for her head. The pillow did not suit her.

"What is the matter with it?"

"'Tis too low."

"On what do you sleep at home?"

"On a big bolster and a pillow."

"One very good reason why your neck has this ugly curve forward and why you run your chin forward. Let me illustrate." I piled several pillows on the one she was lying upon. "Now do you see



what it does? It bends the whole upper part of the spine forward, and gives you your bad carriage. Your pillow should only be so high as to make the head lie even when you lie on your side—just to fill in between the edge of the shoulder and the neck.”

While I had been talking with her, she had been breathing regularly and correctly, as every one does lying on his back with loosened clothing.

“Now you are breathing correctly,” I said, “though very weakly; were I to let you stand you would breathe as badly as ever. So I want you to take your breathing at present flat on your back.”

I placed my hands just above the waist, on her sides, and asked her to take a full breath. The action against my hands was very slight, while the chest heaved. “Now put your hands firmly on me.” I took a long, slow inspiration.

“How big you grow, and how hard!” she said.

The mother tried the same experiment with me and with her daughter, much astonished and evidently pained at the contrast.

“You see, as Dr. Safford told you, you do not fill the lower cells of your lungs with air at all, and so

gradually they are filled up, when every respiration should swell them all. These muscles want to become more flexible and much firmer. And to make muscles grow they must have opposition or weight. Now the opposition you must use is your hands pressed firmly against your waist pretty high up—by the floating ribs. The abdominal breathing will naturally follow when you breathe strongly in the lower chest. Press yourself firmly, but not too hard at first; take a long, slow breath, hold it as long as you conveniently can; then exhaust the air as slowly as possible. Let your effort be to push your hands out as strongly and as far as you can and hold them there still pressing, and your action will be right. Do that six times every night and every morning, undressed, and with the air of your room as pure as possible. It may make you a little dizzy at first, but you will soon get over that. It will not hurt you.”

Then I gave directions about a proper suit for gymnasium work, and bade her come regularly.





### VIII.—KITTY'S CARD.

ONE bright morning, Miss Kitty again appeared with her mother and announced her readiness to begin.

"One thing you must promise," I said, "or I cannot take you. You must *come regularly*. For a month—perhaps three or four—I want you an hour every day; after that, four times a week will do, with what you can accomplish at home. Irregular work at home or in gymnasium does really more harm than good."

The mother, like many another before her, thought she should begin with a day or two days each week, until she became used to so much exercise.

I stepped to the pully-weights. "Feel of my arm! See how a few strokes make the muscle swell. If I continue this for five minutes, at regular intervals,

for an hour, to-morrow the muscle will ache and be lame. That is natural—I have stretched the fibres. They will try to recover their old position. If I let them accomplish it by resting long, when I begin again they will ache and be lame as at first. But if I do not allow any reaction, but the next day do the same work and a little more, the fibres become flexible and elastic, more and better blood is called into them, and they grow firm and strong, and what formerly tired seems easy. I notice that those who say the gymnasium does not benefit them, are those who come irregularly, and do not weather the first weariness. You must be prepared to see your daughter unusually tired the first week or two, but you must not be troubled. 'Tis the result of calling into vigorous action so many unused muscles. And the weariness will soon give place to exhilaration; while coming every day will save her from the natural reaction which follows unusual exertion."

While we were talking, Kitty had been getting into her costume, and now appeared in the hall ready for work. Her mother laughed at her a little. She had on a long, loose blouse, with flowing Turkish trousers,



confined just below the knee, and falling over pretty stockings, and light kid Oxford-ties with a very low heel, and tied with ribbons of the color of her suit. She said, what so many had said before her, "How funny I feel!" and I knew in a day or two she would say, what so many had also said before, "I wish I could wear it always!"

"Well, dear, have you read the enigma of the card?" I said.

"No. 'Tis worse than any illustrated rebus I ever got hold of."

Taking the card, I said: "Do you notice the broad blue line running round the hall? That is the 'running-track,' and thirty-nine laps — or times round — make a mile. Your first order is to run round five times, or about an eighth of a mile. That is to rouse the circulation and make you warm, for you are dressed thinly, as you should be, because I want you to perspire from exercise and not from over-dress. Perspiration from exercise is good for you, because it opens the pores and carries off the waste matter from the system; perspiration from too much clothing exhausts you. You always want to

start a run with your lungs full of air, your head erect and well thrown back, the chest pressed forward, and the hips back. If you bend the arms at the elbow and double the hand into a fist, you will run more easily. Let the arms move freely backward and forward as the body sways slightly from side to side. Now, one! two! three! off!"

After once round, I stopped her: "You are not *running*, you are *leaping*. You hold yourself wrong. You keep your knees stiff and stand erect. Your body should incline forward from the toes, and you should bend the knee well, giving an easy swing to the leg, and strike the floor lightly with the sole of the foot, not touching the heel."

I was in gymnastic dress myself, of course, and I ran over the track to show her how.

"You get the exercise, which is the main point just now; but we will have for our aim *perfect running*. Men laugh at girls and women when they run, and I really think they do not believe we *can* run gracefully. But they do not realize the hindrance our skirts are, nor how little practice we get.



"The next order on the card is not printed just right—it should be *3-pound bag*. From this pile of sand-bags, varying in weight from three pounds to seven or eight pounds, select the weight indicated on your card—three pounds—and place it upon your head. Take careful position, draw the chin back as far as possible, keep the eye fixed on something directly in front of you and on a level with it, and, as in running, press the hips well back and the chest forward. That is right. Now walk rapidly. In the effort to keep the bag in its place and the head in position, all the muscles of the back, with the spine itself, are brought into action."

Miss Kitty was a plucky little damsel, and the four times were accomplished, though with various mishaps to the bag.

"With the running and walking, you have accomplished nearly a quarter of a mile. Now come to the pulley-weights, which 'P. W.' stands for. These, one of our prominent and most skilled body-developers calls the bread-and-butter of body culture. By their aid we can call into action all the great muscles and many of the smaller. The other ap-

paratus will enable you to utilize the development you gain by the use of these. You see we have various series of movements printed and pasted against the machines. The movements of 'Series B' are for both hands; and the four—'1—4' strengthen and make symmetrical the upper arm. Until you grow firm and elastic here, you will be unable to use the other apparatus. Let me show you what I mean."

I went to the parallel bars, put a hand on each, and sprang into them, holding my weight suspended at arms' length, my hands by my hips and the arms parallel to the sides. I asked the astonished Kitty to follow me. She could not.

"Well, climb up in some way."

This, with considerable exertion and much awkwardness, she succeeded in doing, sitting upon one bar.

"Now swing yourself in as I was, and I will hold you."

This took all my strength, and when I let go, she came tumbling upon the mat below. Her mother looked on with interest and acknowledged the weakness.



"Few men can understand how very small a woman's muscular force is," I said. "Many women who lift their babies from the floor, do it liable to a strain any minute; the energy is nervous, not muscular. The average boy eight, yes, six years old, can hold his weight, and maintain himself in positions few women can even take, but this does not in the least imply that muscular force cannot be developed at every age; though of course, the younger, the better and quicker. Active and well-trained muscles mean harmonious development, beautiful lines and curves, and *health*."

While we were talking, Kitty had been taking her movements, counting on each, until she reached the number on her card, 20. Making her put one hand on the acting muscle, she discovered, much to her satisfaction, that numbers 1 and 3 made the tiny one on the upper part of the arm swell, while 2 and 4 worked the under muscle—the former the biceps, the latter the triceps.

"We will watch and see what six months will do for this arm, not only in power, but in looks," I said.

Moving from the weights to the "shoulder-bars,"

she found them to be two upright poles placed apart the width of an ordinary adult's shoulders.

"Place your hands," I directed, "one on each bar, so that the forearm is nearly horizontal, stand about ten inches from them, hold the body perfectly stiff, bending only at the ankles, and swing as far through as possible."

"Oh," she cried out at once; "it hurts—right here," indicating the chest near the shoulder.

"Exactly! that's where I want it to hurt until that chest can swell more to the front and grow bigger and rounder."

"What is No. 2?"

"Brace your toes firmly against each bar, fall back as far as possible, holding securely by the hands placed low down on the bars, then bend the knees and recover. Where do you feel that?"

"All across the back of my shoulders."

"Very good. We'll begin to strengthen the upper part of your back and then work down. The rowing-machine will supplement this movement. What next?"

"A breathing movement," answered the rosy and panting Kitty.





"Lie flat on your back on this mattress, look right at me, take as full a breath as you can, hold it while I count ten; exhaust it, inhale again and hold while I count twelve; exhaust, inhale and hold while I count fifteen. There, that last breath was the best you have given me, because you got really interested in what we were doing and let nature do as she pleased, so you didn't raise your shoulders, and your diaphragm — that little muscular partition on which your lungs rest, was pushed down until the abdominal muscles swelled out, and then the sides did the same, so that you breathed to the bottom of the lungs. Instead of my counting, you may count for yourself and go through the same operation twice more."

This she did with tolerable results.

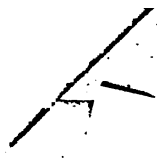
"One thing more, and then resting-time comes."

"I'm not a bit tired."

"You cannot tell about that till to-morrow. Should I let you do all you want to, you would be exhausted to-morrow, and that would be bad. I want to get you just tired enough to go home, get a good bowl of soup, and take a long delicious nap. This thing that works like a big crab is the rowing-machine. Can

you manage to get into it? Take the oars and pull back. 'Tis too heavy for you: I will alter it. You see," turning to the mother, "we do not allow heavy boats here." She caught the allusion and smiled, already half convinced of the good of systematic work.

"Now pull back and push the seat back, and forward, bringing the seat forward too. No, open or separate the knees when you come forward, as your card orders: thus you get action in the inner leg and about the groin. Now you have it very well. Count your strokes, and imagine yourself gliding up the beautiful Charles under the overhanging branches. Twenty-five good strokes — those have brought into play the muscles of the forearm and the upper back, with many minor ones. Now stretch yourself on your back on that mattress with one little pillow, throw your wrap over you and rest five minutes quietly. In the mean time your mother and I will talk a little of country sports."



## IX.—MORE OF KITTY'S CARD WORK.

AS Kitty lay resting on the mattress, her mother remarked that she did not *seem* tired.

"She is excited now," I said, "but she will be well tired to-night. I want her to be tired enough to lie on the lounge half the evening from physical weariness. The rest from that kind of exhaustion is a part of the general plan. Before she goes, the tiredness will be spread equally upon every muscle, and the resting will be harmonious and delightful to her."

"I have thought much," she said, "of our conversation about the boat, and have been wondering whether you approved of tennis and croquet."

"All out-of-door games are excellent, if one is prepared for them. They keep girls in the open air, which counterbalances certain evils. There is one objection, as a means of development, to them all, as

played at present. The work is all done with the right hand."

"Is that a serious thing?"

"Does it not seem serious when, for practical purposes, we are one-handed? Have you read Charles Kingsley's *The Coming Man*?—No? Read it, and you will see what a serious matter *he* considers it. As he says, if a child accidentally takes a plaything or knife, or any other tool, in his left hand, as though he meant to keep it there and use it, it is taken out by his mother or teacher, and transferred to the other hand. As a consequence, most of us are extremely awkward with our left hand, and also, consequently, *the left side is dwarfed*. Measurements in most cases show the left side to be smaller than the right. Now the great interest and exhilaration of these games is the competition; hence, every player must do his *best*, and his right hand alone he is master of, so what is already good is made better, while the poor helpless left hand grows more so. Croquet seems a harmless game, with little exertion in it, and yet I have had a little girl with one shoulder decidedly lower than the other, which her mother attributed to playing croquet."



Tennis is open to greater objection in the same points, because it is much more violent. It is so very vigorous a game that beginners work much harder than old players, and there is plenty of scope for over-exertion, which is the objection brought against gymnasiums."

"Do you overcome that objection of one-sided and one-handed development here?" asked Kitty's mother.

"We require *everything* done with each hand. Necessarily, with the light apparatus each hand holds a piece of equal weight; but with the graduated pulley-weights we make the left hand do enough more work to develop it, until it is equal to its mate. Ring-swinging and ladder-work make an equal demand on each hand, and the vault is made both to the right and left. Bowling is delightful exercise, and ought to take in the left hand, and the game be made a powerful engine of grace in action; but, as I said, competition throws games outside the list as harmonious body-developers."

Kitty's five minutes had expired, and she had been perched near listening to us, but evidently impatient

to continue her work. "Well, what next?" I asked.

"Pulley-weight again, series D."

"These are all chest-developers," I explained to her mother, "and there are two more in the series which we will take later. Stand with your back to the weights, pull directly to the front, then let the weights draw the arms back as far as they will go, at the same time turning the shoulders backward."

"So?"

"No, your action comes only on the arms, and amounts to little. You do not get the shoulders back. See how nearly horizontally backward your arms go! Now, see mine! See the swell of my chest! See where my shoulder-blades are!"

Kitty looked at me and practised, looked again and practised, until at last she cried triumphantly, "Now it pulls on my chest!"

"The next movement is the same, except that you rise on the toes, which exercises the calf of the leg."

"And what's No. 3 for?" asked Kitty, evidently taking great pride in swelling her chest.

"The same in its action on the chest, but changes that on the arm by turning the hand over. Just that



simple action brings other muscles into play. No. 4 is the same again, only rising on the toes."

"What's the last?"

"Turn the hands to the first position, bend the elbows, make a sort of scooping motion forward, then let them back firmly, without a jerk, and all the time keep the lungs as full as possible."

"Just so," said Kitty. "I guess that took in some new muscles."

"Now for the rowing weights," said Kitty; "I've been aching to get at them."

So I stationed her on the sliding seats. "Seat yourself firmly," I said, "then grasp the handle. Hold it close at waist with chest pressed forward; now slide the seat backward and forward, opening and closing the knees."

The second time Kitty came forward she left her seat behind her, and sat down with a laugh on the support. "I *can't* keep on!" she said.

"We all go through that," I said; "you must cling more closely."

"In No. 2, bend the body forward and grasp the handle at the weight, keep the seat firm and draw the weight

to the waist, forward and back, until you sit erect."

"I like that," said Kitty, sparkling at me. "What next?"

"Combine Nos. 1 and 2, bend forward and back, and also move the seat. No. 4 is similar to No. 3, except that you lean as far back as you can, then recover, and go as far forward as possible. This is the most vigorous. All these movements act upon both the back and abdominal muscles."

"I feel 'em," said Kitty bravely. "Now where is the wrist-bar?"

"This horizontal bar, by winding which in different ways you lift a weight high toward the wall. These strengthen hand and wrist—give you a good *grip*, that will help you very much in all your gymnasium work, make your piano-practice much easier, and should you ever be caught on a *Narragansett*, or some other disabled vessel, you will be able to cling to ropes until you can reach the boats below, as many, many ladies cannot."

"I am gladdest about the piano just now," said Kitty. "My wrists ache so when I practise, and my fingers are *so* weak!"





"These intermediate exercises, the alternate ones, are for the development of the calf and thigh, and are inserted here as a rest to the hands: The first, rising on the toes; the second, settling back on the heels, raising the toes."

"What fun this spring stand is! It seem as though one could be sent up to the moon, if he were only a little heavier to bear it down more. And it looks like such fun when they vault the bar from it. See me, mother!"

Kitty's mother smiled doubtfully, as if she saw in her aroused child the possibility of a circus girl.

"*That* will give lightness of action in walking. These rings you swing in by your hands are fine for the muscles of the back and for the spine. Run, and swing as high as you can, touching your feet each time to carry you higher. Then simply hang as long as you can hold. If you like you can put your feet in and swing also." But Kitty was not quite agile enough for this as yet.

"This next," she said, "is just like the other breathing movement."

"No. I want you in this to put your hands under

you as you lie on your back — arms down straight, sit on the back of your hands, turn the elbows and shoulders under you as far as possible, and project the chest. Take a full breath, and at the same time press with the elbows and head, and raise the back a little. I always feel as though I am gaining in various ways when I do that."

"*This* is hard work," said Kitty, looking a little disgusted for the first time; "I seem to get my lungs very full of air that way. When do you suppose I *can* use those rings?" she added, as a young girl swung gracefully down the line, seeming almost to fly.

"You must get those biceps muscles in better condition first, and the next weight-work will help the hanging muscles. Now you have reached another resting point." Down went Kitty on the mattress again.



## X.—LAST GLANCES AT KITTY.

**N**OW for some more 'bread and butter' work," I said, going to the pulleys again after the rest, and a moment's walking and running. "This series, A, takes in single movements for each hand. No. 1, stand with your right side to weight, and pull with stiff elbow toward the left by the front; No. 2, by the back; No. 3 alternates the two movements; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are the same movements with the left hand."

"What for?" said Kitty.

"No. 1 strengthens the pectoral muscle. Put your hand just under your arm in front. Do you feel the swelling? No. 2 does the same for the muscle at the back—just under the arm you feel it. Those are muscles used in climbing and in hanging on."

"Series B, I have had before."

"Only the first movements. In No. 5, you pull both strongly to the back by the side, swelling the chest well forward—that helps the back away down. Put your fingers just below the bottom of my waist. Do you feel the working of the muscle? That spot is just where so many girls ache. 'Tis frequently merely muscular; though when more serious, the pain is caused by weakness of internal organs. This movement relieves it if muscular, and strengthens if more serious. No. 7: pull as near to the floor as you can without bending the knees. You cannot quite touch the floor? Well, don't try too hard for it, or you may be very lame. Only two more movements now, and then I am going to send you home. Tomorrow I will sit by and see how much you remember. The 'L. P. W.' is this pulley so near the floor. The first movements develop the leg muscles, but, as I want to work, for a while, more particularly upon your chest, I have omitted them for the present. No. 3: lie flat on your back on this cushion, grasp the handle at arms' length over the head, and draw the handle to the vertical over the head; at the same time take a full breath. See, now, how finely the ribs are raised



by that position of the hands, so that the air inhaled can act upon the flexible, boneless part of the body. No. 4: leave the handle, press the hands firmly against the sides and take a long deep breath, pushing the sides out hard against the hands — hold it as long as possible, then exhaust slowly. Repeat as many times as your card indicates. No. 5: place this toe-piece on the floor, put the toes through the strap, pull on the toes and raise the body to the vertical."

"Oh, I've done *that* hundreds of times," said Kitty; "don't need the toe-strap. See here!" and up she came.

"Yes, almost anybody can do so," I said, "and little good has been accomplished by such doing. Now notice me, Kitty!" I lay down, held my body *perfectly stiff*, and rose, my head being the last to leave the mat. Then I rolled up, lifting my head first, as she did. "Do you see the difference?" She thought she did; and when she tried it in my way, she was sure of a very great difference. Putting her hands on her abdomen she felt the great tightening of the muscle. "And that's where you need help," I said. "You are too soft and flabby, and the muscles do not

support the ligaments of organs attached to them. No. 6: swing the toes out from the strap and raise both legs to the vertical. That is another way of strengthening the same parts."

"'H. P. W.'" said Kitty, with a long breath, and looking about: "don't that mean that machine with the high pulley?"

"Yes, the 'giant pulley.' The movements with it strengthen the back and all the muscles about the waist. No. 1: stand firmly, facing the weight, with stiff elbow pull as low as the waist, then well over the head. That helps the lower part of the back — what people call the 'small of the back.' The next movement is similar, only you touch the floor, if possible, without bending the knees, then recover and pull over the head. You will feel that movement on the back of the thigh."

"What lots of different movements!" exclaimed Kitty; "must be as many as there are muscles."

"Nos. 3 and 4 are similar movements, only the back is turned to the weight."

"I don't see what difference that makes," said Kitty, "if you're doing the same thing."



"See! facing it, I am pulling the weight over my head, exercising back muscles; backing it, the weight is pulling ~~me~~, and the front muscles are working."

"Oh, yes!" said Kitty. "What a network of muscles! I never thought there was any muscle to speak of, except on a boy's forearm."

"Now we have reached the end of the card. After your rest, go into your dressing-room, take a quick sponging down, and rub yourself with a coarse towel. That will take off the perspiration, close the pores, and prevent your taking cold."

"Cold water when she is so heated?" asked the mother anxiously.

"You need *never* fear cold water when the blood is flowing freely to every part, as with my young gymnasts at the close of lessons. Much waste matter has passed off through the pores, and they should now be contracted. I should not advocate a plunge bath, though I believe many men take one after exercise."

"I have never allowed Kitty a full bath of cold water," said she.

"And she is not subject to colds?"

"Oh, very! I have always had to watch her. She takes cold at a breath."

"I wish you would try a cold chest-bath every day for a month. I think you will find a change in this matter of catching cold."

"I may," she said with a laugh; "you and Dr. Safford are upsetting all my notions of advisability and unadvisability. I don't know *what* I may end in doing."

Kitty seemed in good condition when she came next day, and went through her work laughing at her many mistakes gleefully; her hands were white, soft and warm, and her cheeks pink, before she went home again.

She is one of my most persistent little workers, and seems to feel how much power health is to give her in her studies, and in everything she may wish to undertake all through life. Her mother has not to prepare some dainty to tempt her to eat—she "likes everything." In two months she gained almost as much as another little girl who came to me in March, hollow-chested, white-lipped, with no life or energy; she gained sixteen pounds before our closing time, the first of June, added another ten pounds during the summer, ex-





panded her chest, hardened her flesh, and has been one of my jolliest workers all winter.

One day in January after two months or more of hard, faithful individual work, I gave way before Kitty's wistful eyes and put her in a "class."

"And what did she do in 'class'?" I hear some reader say. She must be far from Boston or she would have been to see. I must tell her, for the "class" have a jolly time.

There goes the piano—do you see the scampering? 'Twas the signal for the lesson to begin, and many had hurried into their costumes to have some fun in the hall before regular work. Out they go now into the ante-room, and when the music of a march begins, in they come again, sedately, each making a curtesy or bow in passing the teacher. Each finds an appointed place on the floor and takes position: heels together, hips back, chest well to the front, chin brought in, hands on the hips. Then the piano strikes up and a series of movements similar to those given in an earlier "Health and Strength Paper" is quickly executed, taking about four minutes. Now they are fairly awake, the blood circulating freely, and they have

gained a certain amount of precision which is another valuable feature of class gymnastics—the ability to perform a certain act strictly in time—the mind and muscle learning to act simultaneously, a most valuable acquirement and one which is to be felt all through the mental and social action of after-life. Now the player strikes into a bright march, and, by two quick movements the whole class has formed into two or three lines, and, beginning the march, soon come into one long line. Now follow various manœuvres to help in walking gracefully and lightly. Now they are on their toes, now on their heels; now on one toe and the other heel; then they reverse the latter; now they walk stooping low, with spines erect; now they walk like high-stepping horses; this changes to a hop on one foot four times, then on the other, then twice. Soon the music changes to a slow time, and each step is thoughtfully taken with the toe touching the floor strongly first, so that they will learn to avoid the bad habit of striking the heel so heavily. Following this comes the order to "run with mouths closed," and away they go! Then they come again into place with iron dumb-bells.



"Dumb-bells for girls? What do they weigh?"

Two and three pounds. The weak-wristed use light wooden ones. These movements are slow and measured, and when the bells are returned to place, "Rest!" is the order, and they throw themselves at full length on the mats, or sit in groups. Vaulting is next in order—here they come over the bar like so many sheep. Now they take the spring-board—see how high they fly! Yes, that little girl clears five feet, and descends lightly on the mat below. That gives her courage, both of body and mind, spring, elasticity strength of arm and *grip*, and helps her to carry herself lightly in walking.

Again the piano signal. We have a quick exercise in wooden bells, or later in the year in clubs, the movements with which are beautiful as a spectacle, and so valuable as exercise. Then perhaps a series of weight-work executed to music; or, if there is not time, the order to "Play!" is given. Now there is no hesitation; each gymnast springs for the piece of apparatus liked best. The ladders swarm with them, walking on hands up verticals, down inclines, across horizontals, swinging on bars, shinning to the top of

the hall, climbing ropes, walking the parallel-bars, throwing light balls, circling the bar, swinging down the line of rings—there go two girls together, down the rings, back to back, and breast to breast. Isn't that graceful and pretty? There! one has lost the ring, and they quietly separate, each going her own way. Now they follow each other, six or eight of them, down the line, dropping at the end. This, perhaps, is followed by a brisk, competitive game with bean-bags; and a double march down the sides of the hall, forming into fours in the middle with skipping and fancy steps, closes the lesson, and the good-by and curtesy send them all into the dressing-rooms for sponging and street dress.

More than one mother has stood by to acquaint herself with it all. Kitty's mother has looked on with bright eyes. One enthusiastic woman says, "The State should establish the gymnasium alongside the public school."

"*And attendance should be compulsory*," says a grave teacher sitting near. "Until the educator of the mind and the educator of the body work side by side, and universally, the nation will never get any full and



harmonious returns from the immense capital of brains and money expended in our schools. But private enthusiasm and personal conviction cannot accomplish it—the *State* must take it in hand."

These speakers are right.



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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### RIGHT TO THE POINT.\*

If this volume were entitled "Doctor Cuyler's best Sayings" it would need no other introduction to the public. *Right to the Point*, however, aptly describes one of the chief characteristics of the telling utterances which fall from the lips of this beloved and useful Brooklyn pastor, and is a good title. The book contains a large number of pithy paragraphs upon a wide range of subjects, carefully selected by Mary Storrs Haynes, not one of which but will be found to contain some terse, vivacious, sparkling expression of truth, worthy of the reader's attention. Rev. Newman Hall furnishes an appreciative introduction, which is followed by a brief, but complete biography of Doctor Cuyler, which will be regarded as a welcome feature of the book by very many readers.

### THE HOTEL OF GOD.†

*The Hotel of God, and other Sermons.* By J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, D. C. For fourteen years Doctor Rankin has occupied one of the most prominent and influential pulpits in the country. He has built up the largest church in the Nation's Capital, and one of the largest churches in the denomination, a church where the broadest views of human brotherhood have been both proclaimed and illustrated. This volume contains some of the sermons of his last year's pastorate, and will be not less acceptable than his previous books.

*The Advance* says: "Doctor J. E. Rankin has had throughout his ministry eminent success, both as a preacher and pastor. He is a man who knows well what the Gospel truth is for. He understands with unusual clearness and steadiness of perception exactly what human wants it is meant to meet. His sermons interest, and they edify. If need be, and some outrageous wrong is to be attacked, he can handle guns that throw heavy shot, straight and fast. The constant passion of his life is to do that which is most effective in the cure of souls."

\* *Right to the Point.* From the writings of Theodore Cuyler, D. D. Selected by Mary Storrs Haynes. Introduction by Rev. Newman Hall, LL. B. Sixth volume of the *Spare Minute Series.* Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.00.

† *The Hotel of God.* By Rev. J. E. Rankin. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25.



## RECENT PUBLICATIONS

**JOHN ANGELO AT THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.** By Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This is a collection of forty or fifty drawings by American artists representing the pictures exhibited by them at the late Water Color Exhibition in New York, such as Swain, Gifford, C. S. Reinhart, Thomas Hovenden, Smillie, Satterlee, Nicoll, Arthur Quartley, Edward and Percy Moran, Walter Shirlaw, J. G. Brown, Geo. Edwards, Harry Fenn, Chase, Currier, Thulstrup, Parsons, and others of equal reputation, and to the lover of art is one of the important books of the season.

**SELF GIVING.** By W. F. Bainbridge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Mr. Bainbridge has already made his mark in literature in *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions* and *Along the Lines in Front*. To these he now adds the present volume, which is, in effect, a treatment of the same general subject, not from a different standpoint, but in a different manner, and one which enables him to discuss certain points more freely than in any other form. Upon this point the author says that after the two books referred to had been given to the world, his thoughts were restless over a growing conviction of incomplete work upon missions. The duty and privilege of direct recital had been discharged, but there remained much untold of interest and profit to the public and helpful to the cause, that would require, however, a veil of fiction to the extent of concealing many names and locations, and of disassociating many home references. He determined, therefore, upon the form of a story, in which he has drawn upon his imagination only so far as to relieve embarrassment on the part of a large number of missionaries and executive officers, who would recognize many scenes and incidents in their own lives, and many questions of mission policy which are either kept from the public, or very unsatisfactorily considered, because of various personal susceptibilities and ambitions. The book, enables the writer to say with freedom, under the guise of fiction, what could not have been said in a personal account of his observations and experiences without creating strong feeling. *Self-Giving* is of remarkable interest and cannot help attracting wide attention.

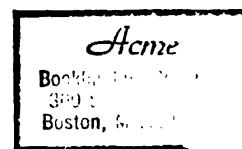














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